

YOU'RE IN THE **WRONG** ERA!

When the past and future shake hands, you're there.



Harness Your Inner Wonder, Navigate The New Century With Style.

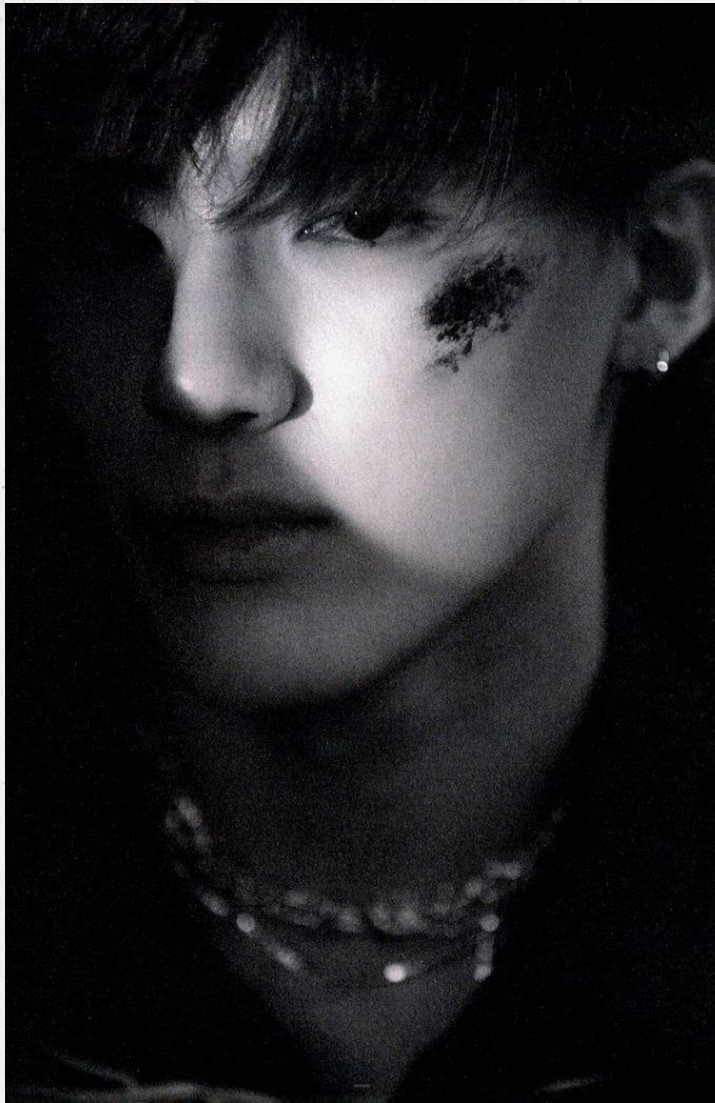
A shadow was the only inheritance Axel LeBlanc Beaufoy received from his father. The story told was one of tragic simplicity: a good man swallowed by his work in Brazil, a life extinguished before his own had

begun. From the ashes of that memory, his French mother fled, carrying him across an ocean, away from a land that had claimed too much.

In France, the boy's restless genius found its shape not in classrooms, but in the rigid discipline of a military academy. The cold logic of physics, mathematics, and mechanics became

his catechism, and the arc of an artillery shell, a prayer of calculated finality.

He was a ghost in his own home, a creator haunted by an echo. His hands, moved by a phantom memory, dismantled the present to build strange, limping automatons from its remains. Blueprints for impossible machines.



Axel LeBlanc Beaufoy
Young inventor; time conspiracionist.

Patrons report “exquisite existential crisis and excellent entropy.”

bled into the nights, each a diagram of the emptiness within him. His mother watched this feverish creation and saw not a son, but the ghost of a husband she had tried to bury. In his genius, she felt the familiar pull of the abyss.

Seventeen years of silence were broken in the dust of an attic. A locked metal box, a heart that had waited a lifetime to beat again, answered the call of his skilled fingers. It held no keepsakes, no fading photographs. It bled ink. Journals filled with a script that danced on the edge of madness, schematics for weapons that defied reason, and an object that held the room's cold. A metallic artifact, smooth and chilling, covered in sigils that seemed to writhe just at the sight.

Whisper from deep within thy own abyss.

To touch it was to remember a silence he had always known. A frigid familiarity coiled up his spine. The air grew heavy, pregnant with a quiet, inevitable truth. It was the hum of finality, the resonance of an ending. The paranormal tool, a relic of the man he never knew, had not awakened a power within him; it had merely given a name to the void he carried. The name was Death.

Among the mad scribbles, a final clue: a crumpled note bearing, set his course. Was he chasing a man, or the shape of the void he had left behind?

In a desperate gamble, he turned to one of his own creations. A sonic emitter, once a tool of pure physics, was twisted, recalibrated to whisper to time itself. He pressed his fingers to the fragile skin of the now, feeling for a resonance, a path forward in the echoes of what was. With this device, a key of his own making, and the address from the past, he appeared at the threshold of the Ordo Realitas. He offered them no name, no lineage, for he knew none to give. He was merely an inventor, a young man who had stumbled upon a frequency that should not exist, who held a machine that could hear the whispers of entropy's decay.

They saw the symbol on the relic he unknowingly carried. They saw the ghost in his eyes. In his undeniable talent, they recognized not a recruit, but a legacy. A Specialist, born of shadow, attuned to the final note of the universe.

Now, Axel LeBlanc Beaufoy walks a path paved with his father's secrets. With cog and wire, with intellect and invention, he confronts the horrors that crawl from the Other Side. Each mission is not a step toward an answer, but a deeper descent into the question that defines him, proving that the most powerful engine of man is the echo of a forgotten name.

